

Queensland's Wonderful North





To Hon. J. G. Appel M.L.A.

With
Best Christmas and
New Year Wishes

From
The Premier of Queensland
and Mrs. Theodore.

December, 1922.

The
**Wonderland
of the North**

Scenic Beauties of
North Queensland

The Ideal
Australian
Winter Tour

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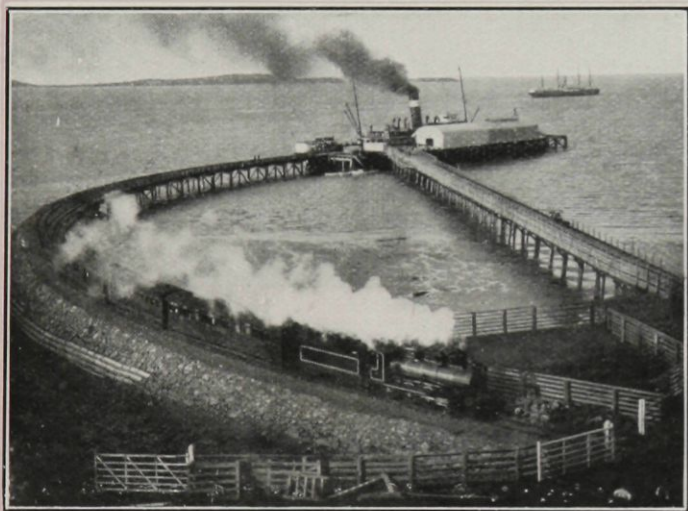
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The Wonderland of the North

The Ideal Australian Winter Tour

We had come to Gladstone overland to avoid the sea trip from Brisbane, missing, by doing so, the delightful river trip from Brisbane to Moreton Bay. But we were to enjoy that on our way home.



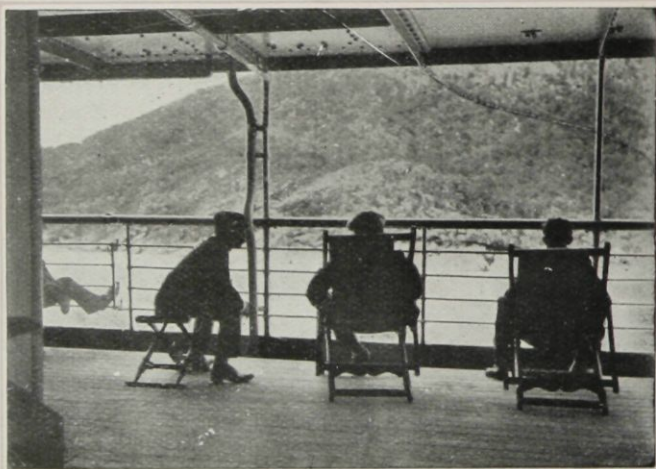
GLADSTONE JETTY AND HARBOUR.

Peeping out from the train window on the way to the sea, one had little or no opportunity of seeing lovely Port

Curtis, the town on its shores being named after the illustrious British statesman.

About Gladstone still blows the fragrance of Romance. The people of Gladstone are kindly; and though Port Alma takes most of the trade, Port Curtis still dreams, in her azure loveliness of bay and inlet and cove, of the days to come.

The mail steamer was waiting to take us to Townsville. Clean and orderly, the stewards helped us on with our



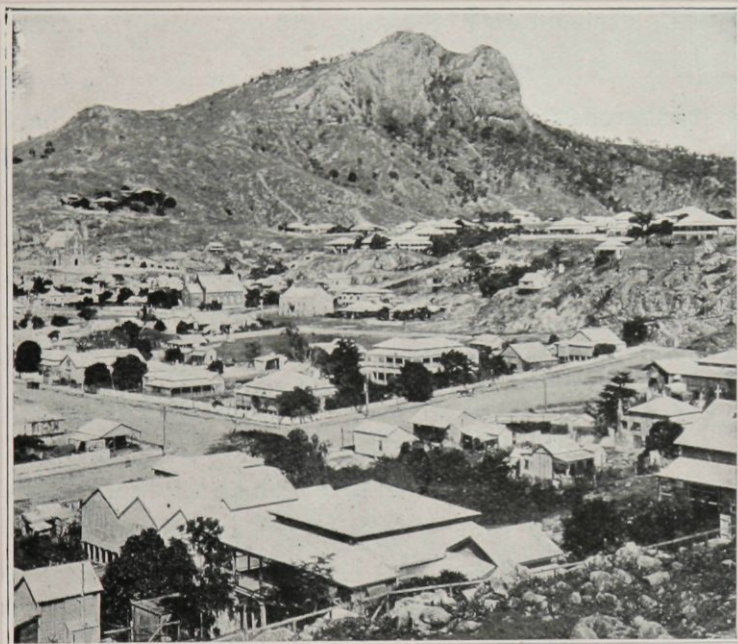
"SLIPS OF SCENERY DRIFTED BEFORE US."

luggage, and since the world is so very small we encountered Sydney and Melbourne friends on board. Here also was a traveller from overseas eulogising the tropical beauty which slept at his feet.

"Paris, New York, London—all those places are old in beauty," he remarked. "But North Queensland is young in her glory, and youth is the loveliest thing in the world."

We began to feel he was right as we looked out at the pieces of emerald and jade land dotting the sea, making a necklace of olivines for the ocean's lovely throat.

All the way to Townsville slips of scenery drifted before us. Now we were near enough to the coast to see the giant headlands of rock and green trees; now we were out in mid-



A VIEW OF TOWNSVILLE.

ocean sailing in the blue bowl of the Pacific—that gigantic sapphire flower which so startled Balboa when he saw it that he fell down and worshipped it.

Morning brought us to Townsville.

All about her was the business of a continental port.

She herself snuggled back, like a bright diamond, amongst the hills, as if to assure the whole of Australia that she is worthy the expensive break-water which she has built.

Rising out of the heart of Townsville is an immense mountain of rock. So still is it, so solemn and so strangely set there in the Queen City of the North, that one immediately thinks of lands far from the eye of Australia—of rocky promontories of Spain, and of the storm-scarred headlands of Norway.

Numerous taxis and cabs wait without the busy wharf, and for a modest charge the drive to town is accomplished. And what a drive it is in the clear invigorating air of the morning, with the turquoise sea all about, the city gradually coming nearer, and that strange mountain of rock always before us! On we go until we arrive at the bridge, over which we must drive slowly in compliance with municipal regulation; and we meet the first instance of the careless attitude of the North.

But carelessness was soon forgotten as we went through the clean little city with its wide streets and pleasant air of civilisation to our hotel. The lounge at the hotel is surely second to none in Queensland. Before it is viewed the panorama of the sea; and, as we drink coffee amongst the scent of its palms and cool loungings, the tropical foliage on the beaches, the shining yellow sands, and the blue bosom of the sea seem to agree with our sentiments.

Outside Townsville there are many beautiful drives.

We took a taxi to the strawberry gardens, to the weir

with its blue water-lilies, its wide fragrant grasses and red kiosk. And we went by launch to Magnetic Island.

For a day's, a week's, or a month's holiday there are few places to approach Magnetic Island. Well might the world-worn traveller declare:—"The old world is behind in pleasure-seeking. Here in this tropic island the gods themselves might indulge in gaiety anew."

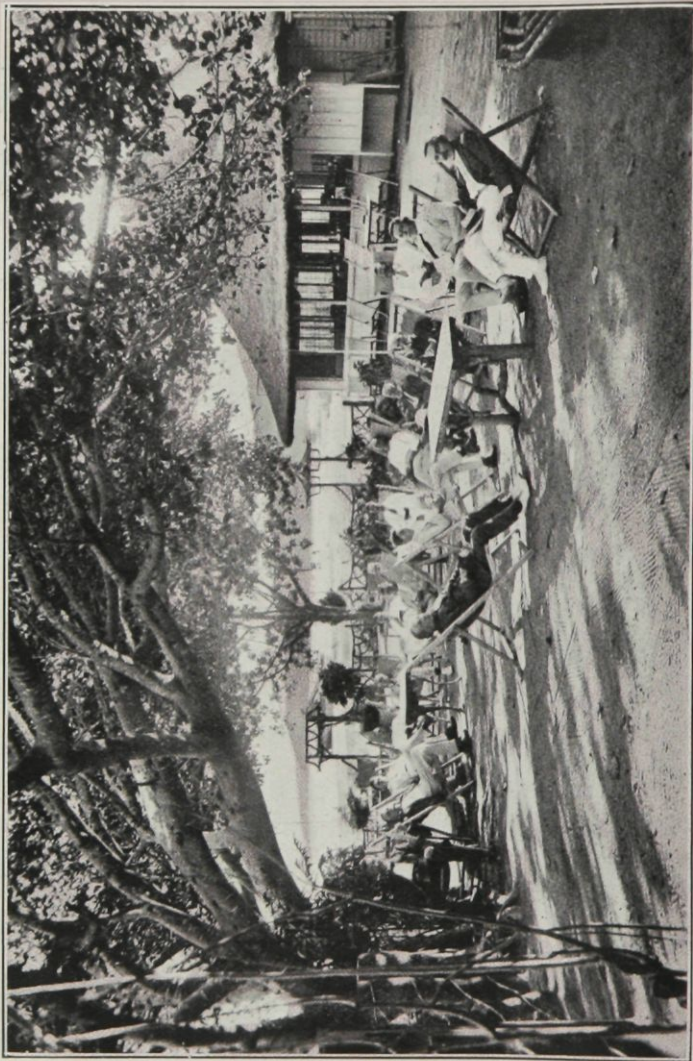
Fishing, rowing, surfing—all may be accomplished there; and ever and always float like a dream the pearl-like vapours of the tropics, the odours of places and lands far, far remote from cities of the South.

Here blooms the water like a sapphire rose;
And when the Night comes with her silken tread
Over the sighing palms, the fragrance blows
Of gay Ceylon, with spicy scents bespread.

At the back of Townsville lie some of the richest cattle and grazing districts of Australia. At Cloncurry, where one may find many a character for literature, the bright air is the deadly assassin of diseases of lung origin.

Cloncurry is the western book of story tales. For here drovers, shearers, stockmen, squatters, and bush parsons assemble; and once in the memory of people living there still, an Earl finding himself in Australia wandered to Cloncurry.

But, indeed, wherever one goes in the North, the towns and cities and very villages provide material for future dramas and histories. Hughenden and Richmond, like Cloncurry, are alive with this sort of romance; and though



"MANDALAY"—THE REST HOUSE ON MAGNETIC ISLAND, TOWNSVILLE.

for the greater part of the year they are but bare plains of brown latent wealth, in Winter they are realms of riotous comfort—in Spring a vari-coloured ocean of flowers.

Queensland has not yet discovered the enormous wealth of any of her Northern towns. Charters Towers, which is west from Townsville, and has the most musical people north of Bundaberg, has, indeed, a wonderful tale of golden wealth to tell. It is, also, waiting to tell a magnificent story of irrigation and agricultural prosperity.

Even so is Ayr, fifty miles south-east of Townsville.

We arrived at Ayr in the smile of a white afternoon, and at the Delta Hotel found roses as big as cups—pink, white, red, creamy, and yellow roses swaying on their fine green stems.

The people were murmuring about drought, and yet those dreamy-eyed roses were all about us and the pervading sense of prosperity everywhere.

Ayr should be one of the richest towns of the North. Probably where sugar is concerned she is the richest. And, set like a piece of brown marble on the delta of a river, underneath her brown and green lands innumerable wells of water wait her pleasure.

Surely there is no need for anyone to talk of Poverty when Queensland lies like a lazy plain of plenty at the front door of Australia.

Ayr grows chiefly, and almost only, sugar. And yet those roses—specimens as lovely as any that ever bloomed in Southern gardens—called out by their faint fragrance for the land which had grown them to be given its chance.

We did not see anyone spearing for water. But we were informed that wherever one drove in a spear pump about Ayr, water would gush forth. It was like the story of Moses and the rock of miracles. As children we had all rather wondered at that biblical miracle. We did not wonder now. With a rod we ourselves might have worked a miracle at Ayr wherever we liked to tap the dry soil for water.

And the people were complaining of drought. A second time we realised that carelessness and no accurate knowledge and love of its beauty, its power, and its magnificent possibilities of wealth, were keeping back a tract of country whose like probably did not exist anywhere else in the world.



GROWING CANE BY IRRIGATION, AYR.

Nor is Ayr without its robe of beauty.

We drove by car to a sugar-mill some distance from the town. It was starlight; and under the subdued light the miles of sugar-cane and the smoke of the working mills seemed all part of some great plan the Creator had ordered. Through forests of gum trees and climbing vines we went, through the precincts of the mill, and back along the white tongue of road to the hotel of roses.

Afternoon next day found us again in Townsville.

Luckily, Time was our own; and there was no necessity to worry about trains and boats, which in the North have a delicious air of uncertainty about them.



HAYCOCK ISLAND, HINCHINBROOK CHANNEL.

In the morning we took the "Kuranda," and sailed for Cairns at 11 o'clock—a sensible hour for pleasure-seekers.

No one possessing the ordinary senses of a mortal could ever hope to describe adequately the beauty of the scenery between Townsville and Cairns. At best we can only stand off and look in awe at the island loveliness of the channels and passages—we can only gasp at the magnificence of Hinchinbrook.

It is not that these scenes are, after all, any more than blue expanses of water, dotted with emerald eyes of land. But the boat, sailing along like a thing of dreams through the intricate narrows and winding its way about the islands, with the mountains frowning splendour over them, seems to accomplish feats which only the navigator's art comprehends. Long turquoise fingers of sea stretch through the islands; purple towers of mountains stoop down to meet them; and the boat moves on magically.

A commercial traveller who makes the Townsville to Cairns trip with startling frequency pointed out the various headlands and islands. But one sees them not as islands or points; one sees them as gems, in a gigantic setting, which only the Northern seas may wear.

There is an appreciable difference between the Hinchinbrook Channel and the wonderful Whitsunday Passage, which lies between Mackay and Bowen. Whitsunday Passage is wild and rugged, with a vast expanse of ocean, dotted with numerous islands of unique formation. Hinchinbrook Channel, on the other hand, is like a glimpse of Paradise. The many islands are clothed with a wealth of tropical foliage, and the sea-shores on either side are picturesque in their verdure, while Hinchinbrook Island towers into the heavens like a huge Goliath.

A tender which had put out from Cardwell (locked in behind its magnificent trees, and hidden away amongst waterfalls and running silver streams) brought memories of a once busy little township of the eighties—now, however, awaiting the development on the Tully River, which, some day, is bound to take place.

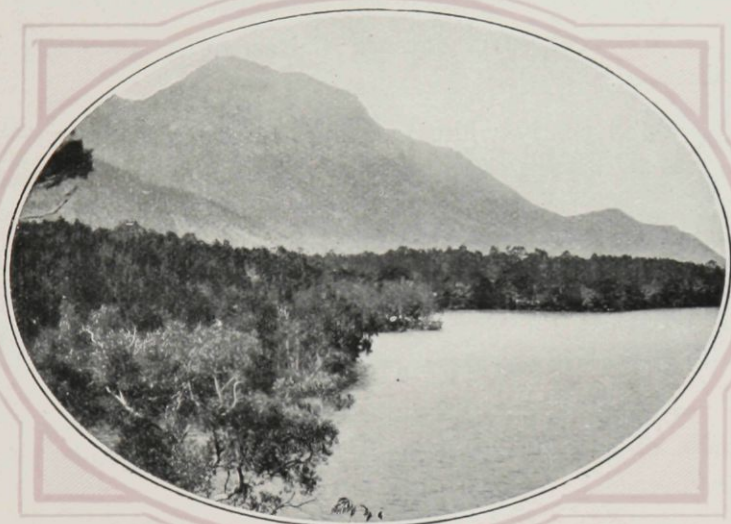
We watched the tender out of sight, knowing that it was making for Mourilyan Harbour, the prettiest little

harbour in Australia. We turned our faces to Cairns; and after passing more poems of loveliness in inlet and mountain, the ship steamed into Cairns.

Cairns nestles on the shores of her harbour—

A lazy pearl asleep at Heaven's feet;
A haunt of luxury, with ease replete.

An air of commercial activity pervaded the place. From the deck of our steamer we counted no less than ten vessels



THE BLUFF, HINCHINBROOK CHANNEL.

loading and unloading at the solid reinforced concrete wharves erected by the Cairns Harbour Board. In the centre of the fleet was the cruiser "Melbourne." The distant hills furnished a picturesque setting. Some idea of the importance of the port may be gauged from the fact that

in 1920 Cairns exported 38,190 tons of sugar, 9,065 tons of maize, 407,456 lb. of butter, over 20,000,000 super. feet of timber, besides minerals, comprising chiefly silver-lead bullion, blister copper, tin, and wolfram.

A taxi took us along the beach to our hotel. Like a great Northern palace, lit throughout with electric light, bright, cheerful, and up-to-date, the Strand stands on the beach of Cairns. From the balcony one gets a glimpse of the harbour, of ocean-going ships, and the sugar-ships which ply between Cairns and Innisfail and Port Douglas.

We spent some days in Cairns. No one could do otherwise.

On a pearly white morning we sauntered round the town—the centre of Northern trade, of the mining, sugar-growing, and rich fruit lands at the back of it.

The white beach invited our attention first, and we strolled along it. It stretched like a band of pearl and saffron along the blue water's rim, dotted with palm trees, with giant fig-trees, and flame trees just bursting into flower.

Unlike the beach at Townsville, which is wild and romantic in appearance, the beach at Cairns is gentle, calm, and peaceful.

Japanese babies tumble about in the sands—not many of them—because the shops are further away from the beach. Chinese children are frequently seen, and the white babies of Cairns are the pinkest, chubbiest things imaginable.

We went to the clean and charming Japanese curio shop, and worried the altogether polite Japanese attendants for ever so long. There is not in the wide world a more patient and polite shopkeeper than the Japanese.



THE STRAND, CAIRNS (LOOKING NORTH).



ABBOTT STREET, CAIRNS.



THE STRAND, CAIRNS (LOOKING SOUTH).

How many exquisite kimonos, theatre scarfs, motor-caps, umbrellas, and bags he showed us, before we finally made a selection, we would be ashamed to relate.

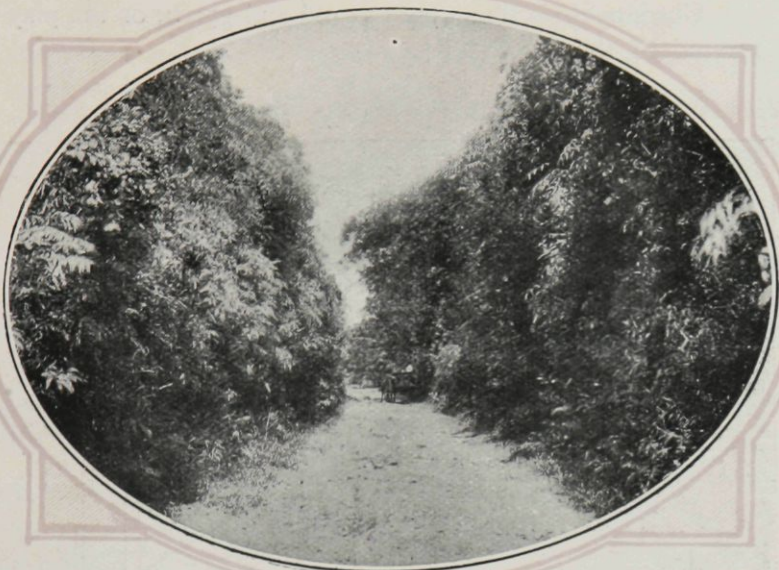
Yet we left him smiling, wanting to show us some quaint carving and lacquer-ware.

At Chinatown, which lies within the precincts of Cairns, is a medley of Eastern sights and Eastern picturesqueness. The squalidness of the squat houses is often relieved by a tiny Chinese youngster in loose, long trousers of red and green. There are babies with faces like shining porcelain, and black-haired women with eyes like brown slits of light. They make one forget all the misery and disease that may be lurking in such places. One wonders for a moment where all the Chinese are employed. Outside Cairns is the solution of the mystery, for the surrounding country is alive with farms, with vegetable gardens, and even plots of coffee and cotton—to say nothing of the acres and acres of sugar-cane.

The following morning we drove to Hambledon, and out along the Mulgrave River Valley to Babinda, whereat is one of the largest and newest State sugar-mills of the North.

Because we wished it, the driver took us slowly over the country that we might see all the beauties lying about us. We drove along the beach, where the opaline waters streamed away before us. Never had the harbour looked so lovely. It was as if some genie had spilt his horn of gems upon the sea, as the sun, hidden by the clouds and the mountains, shed the opal colours on the water. On we passed, enraptured, to the Hambledon road.

Rich tropical growth of fern and creeper and staghorns in jade and emeralds, relieved here and there by flashes of yellow, white, and scarlet flowers, grew everywhere. The



SCRUB SCENE, MULGRAVE DISTRICT, N.Q.

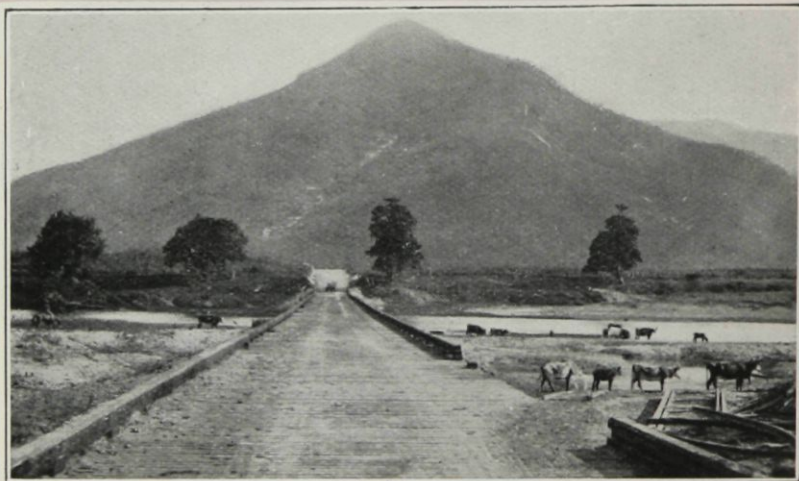
hum of myriads of working bees, the whirl of winged insects, of great yellow and blue butterflies, mingled with the strange sweet scent of tropical grasses.

Soon out of the forests, the sugar-farms appeared—like havens of peace and plenty hidden in the sweet valleys.

“Let us go on and on in this rapture” was our unanimous cry. And we went on to Gordonvale, which should be called Edenvale—so full of Paradise scenes is it, with the intoxicating smell of crushed sugar permeating the air. Gordonvale is the loveliest village around Cairns. No one would ever dispute that fact, though the valley of the

Mulgrave—out of which rise the great giant peaks of Bellenden-Ker, Bartle Frere, and other mountains—is rugged and grand and magnificent.

Gordonvale is like a lap of gold and green, or the playground of the gods.



THE WALSH PYRAMID, 3,022 FEET.

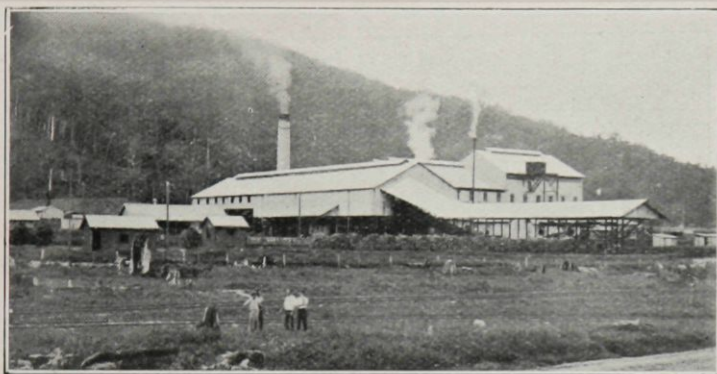
We drank a cup of tea at the "Cafe Dinkum," which is kept by a delightful Italian (a good number of which people inhabit the districts in and around Cairns). Afternoon took us through the land of the green Pyramid Mountain to the Mulgrave Valley.

What untold splendour of hill and stream, of green fields and abundant stretches of riches and beauty.

Sometimes the Mulgrave River floods its banks, and communication between Babinda and Cairns is almost cut off. But we were fortunate and crossed the river, whose banks swarmed with palms, tree ferns, lianas, and ferns.

Soon we saw rising before us the great peak of mountain—the chain of hills which are capped by Bellenden-Ker.

From the green valley up rose the gigantic hill, of brown and green splendour, higher and higher, until it seemed it might reach the heavens themselves. It was reaching the



BABINDA CENTRAL SUGAR MILL.

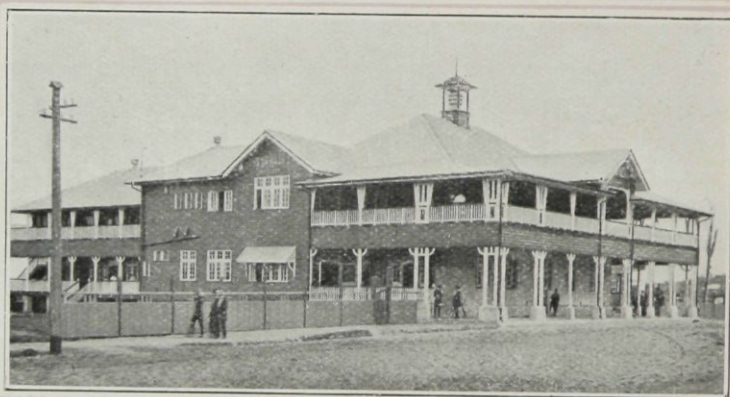
heavens we imagined, for a great cloud of pink and white and faint amethyst lay across the summit, cutting off its peak, and making it appear a thing of the skies.

It is rarely, if ever, people have seen Bellenden-Ker without that piece of white cloud capping it like a snowy hat.

Babinda is the village which possesses the beauty of the Mulgrave, with its mountains, peaks, and valleys.

The mill-manager showed us over the mill—a machine of economy; for nothing is wasted, the crushed stalks of cane being used as fuel, and all the juice pouring itself into the vats in streams of liquid sugar.

We dined at the State Hotel, a handsome structure erected by the Queensland Government at Babinda for the better accommodation not only of the tourist but also the sugar worker. We admired its spic and span appearance—its distinctiveness—the beautiful Northern timbers used in building and furnishing, and, above all, we were impressed by the spirit of excellent service pervading the place.



THE STATE HOTEL, BABINDA, N.Q.

The drive home in the bright moonlight from Gordonvale was a thing never to be forgotten.

The fussy little mill trains—like diminutive toy things—were still working, the skies were clear, except when the smoke of the mill sent a stream of grey film into them. The stars of the Northern night were like golden buds of fire; and

The moon looked out her starry cave,
And to the scene enchantment gave.

It was late when we arrived back at Cairns, but we were soon abed, and up in the morning ready to catch the train for Kuranda.

The train leaves Cairns after breakfast, and by 10 o'clock we were climbing the grandest chain of mountains we had yet seen.

All of us had climbed the Blue Mountains of New South Wales. Most of us had many times crossed the great blue and grey chain of the Toowoomba ranges; and some of us had even seen that marvellous wonder of miracles—the Zig-Zag Pass to Bathurst.

But here was a train journey the like of which we had never experienced, for constantly did the scenes change on the line; and everything breathed an atmosphere of charm and enchantment to us. It was a journey by mountain, stream, sea, and waterfall; and nowhere else in Australia had we known such a combination.

Our train seemed like a small insect crawling up the shoulders of a giant as we ascended higher and higher. Beneath us hundreds of feet below were great yawning chasms. Trees seemed but green pigmies, and about them and over them sometimes blue mists floated—sometimes clear sunshine. Further back wide cultivated valleys stretched away into the distance; and there, dotted like specks of snow, was Cairns. Beyond it was a thin turquoise line leaping to an eternity of waters. That was the open sea.

It was as if we were looking from the window of a great castle across a continent, which ended never.

“Even New Zealand can show nothing like that great view of valley and hill, of chasm, of town, and sea,” said some traveller. And there was no one in the train who doubted him. For travellers on the Northern line never become tired of this particular view. Go they to Kuranda



BARRON GORGE, CAIRNS RAILWAY.

week after week, they will rush to the window at the curve of the line to catch that glimpse of Cairns. It comes more than once, and we who had never seen it before looked again and again.

We had scarcely appreciated all the beauty of it before the Stony Creek Falls sang its song to us, rippling over on to the train as we passed—wetting us with its fine sweet spray.

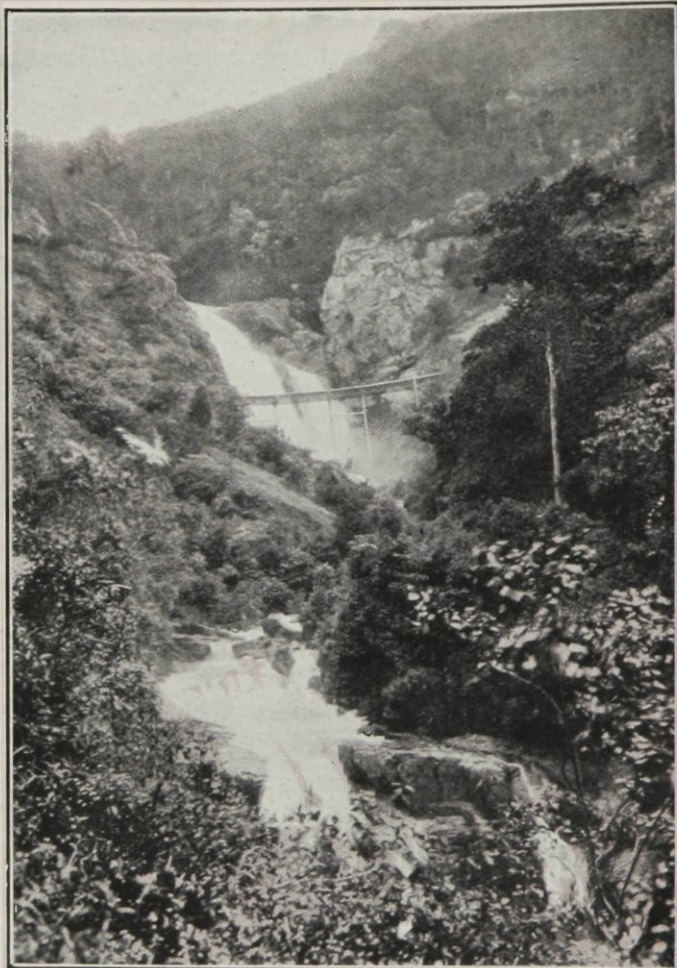
The Falls dance over the rocks into the creek which runs away hundreds of feet below us. The train swerves slowly, and we get a good view of it.

Then come more valleys, deeper chasms, where fauns and satyrs and nymphs seem to move about airily and daintily. Banana plants and papaw fruit grow wild all over the hills, as if the place were so sweet and fresh the seeds must spring into plants.

Suddenly, from somewhere in the distance, came the faint call of waters. Louder and louder they called over the gorges and the valleys, the hills, the overshadowing mountains, the trees, and giant creepers. The train stopped at a little station, and the Barron Falls flashed into our minds, shutting out the littleness there by its marvel, its strength, its wonder.

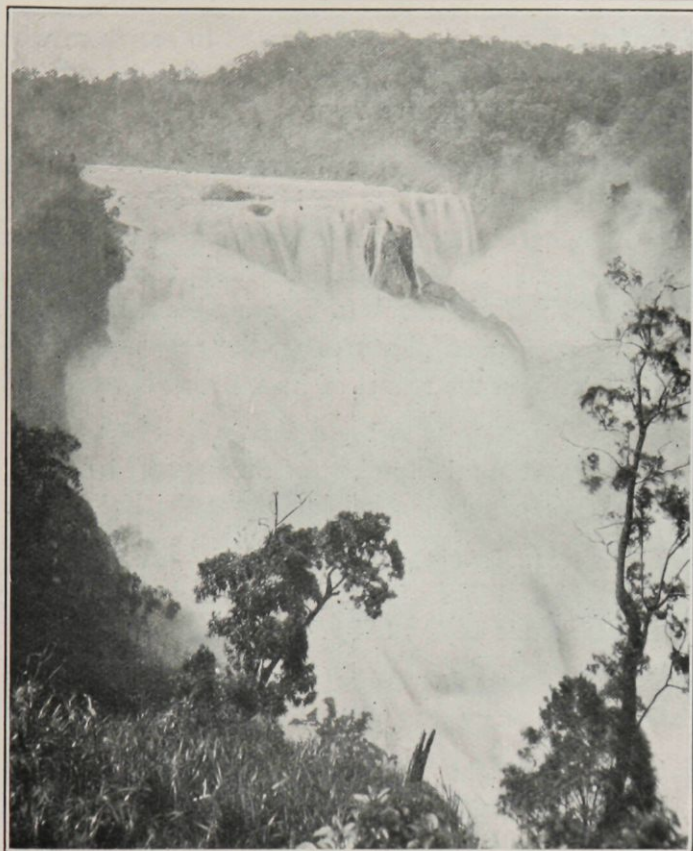
For a moment no one could speak. Tourists do not (because they cannot) gush and rhapsodise over the Barron Falls. They compel one merely to look, and become silent before the wonderful work of Nature.

What a scene, even out of flood time, are the Barron Falls! Millions of gallons of snowy waters, frothing and bubbling, and tumbling and rumbling, and thundering down



STONY CREEK FALLS AND BRIDGE, CAIRNS RAILWAY.

the dark gorge to the depths below, where the scrub waits with its green creepers and rich scents to welcome its mighty love.



BARRON FALLS (FLOOD TIME).

So enraptured were we with the scene that, when the train left the station before we could get anything like an adequate glimpse of the beauty, we determined that once at Kuranda we should visit the Falls first.

We did not, however.

Nearby our hotel a collection of magnificent butterflies called to us. They reminded us of Genè Stratton Porter's

"Girl of the Limberlost." We wanted to see from whence all these lovely butterflies had come, and so off to the Fairyland Tea Gardens we went.

Fairyland lies over the Barron River. You stand on one side of the river of rapids, and cooee. The echo brings a boy out of the enchanted land across the river, who rows you over and helps you to morning tea in Fairyland. The walk through the scrub to Fairyland is delicious. You pass a gigantic fallen pine tree on the way; and the little guide informs you the report of its fall was heard distinctly in Cairns.

"This was the mighty giant of the forest," he tells you; "and its brother is on the heights above the Falls."

The guide is a nature student, and knows so well the calls of the birds that of every exquisite natural song you hear in the woods he can tell you the name of the singer.

Then there are butterflies, orchids, and flowers everywhere; and no one harms you for picking them.

The boy brought us tea, goat's milk, and scones as we sat in Fairyland listening to the birds, sniffing the delicious scents of the wild flowers, and wishing the day would last for ever.

He took us for a walk round the banana groves, amongst the rainbow borders of crotons, and caught a giant turquoise and black butterfly to show us the fineness of the great thing. We returned to Kuranda across the swift river, with the far-away mountains looming over us and the faint tingle of goat bells coming from the shores of Fairyland.

It was the next day we went to the Falls, and hurried down the myriad steps to the foot of them.

Unless one reaches the foot of the Falls, nothing of its greater wonder can be seen. For, from the swimming pool below, the scene beggars all description. The water is



KURANDA RAILWAY STATION.

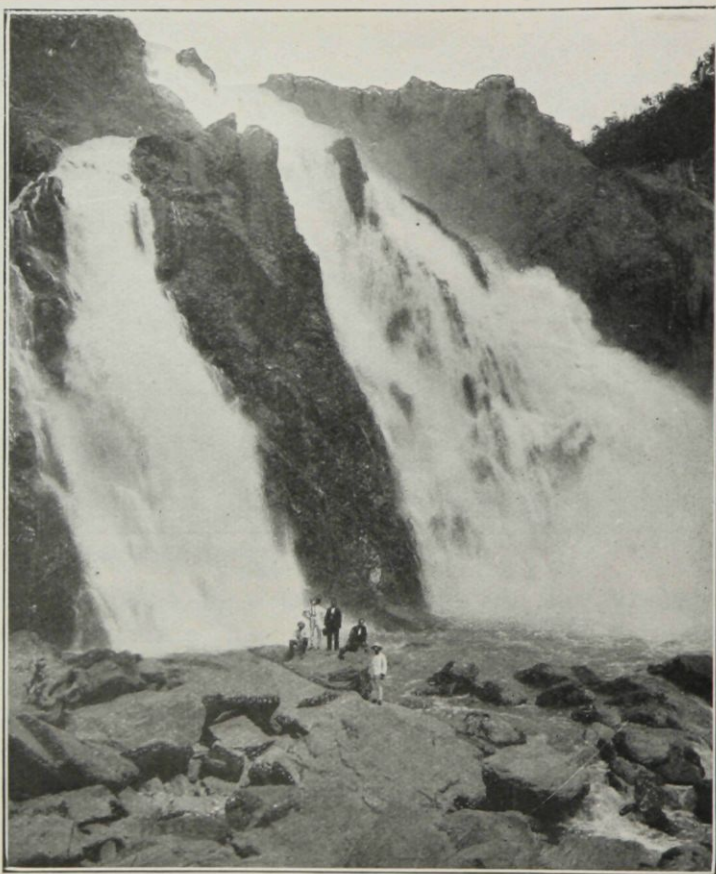
pre-eminent. It drowned the sounds of our voices, the rustle of leaves, the song of birds. There was nothing to be heard anywhere but that great exultant roar.

As one looks up to the falling torrents, it seems that Heaven is scattering armfuls of pearls and moonstones down. The sun glints the water, and one might imagine all the jewels of Paradise were pouring down the massive staircase.

The trees below appear to shiver in terror at the force of the waters, and as they creep up higher and higher to the blue sky it seems as if the sky had opened and yielded supremacy to the Barron Falls.

One cannot help thinking what a wonderful force such

a natural fall of water would be, if it were only nearer a city. What machinery might it drive? What towns light? What marvellous feats of industry perform? But Queens-



BARRON FALLS, CAIRNS RAILWAY, N.Q.

land is as yet only in her infancy; and, maybe, the time is not very far away when cotton machines will be roaring in Cairns, driven by the force of the waters of the Barron Falls.

The Barron is a miniature Niagara. So lovely, so thrilling in its power and wonder is it that some day some poet will immortalise it in words of fire.

We who are humble, and can only stand back in stricken awe at the scene, must be content with saying of the Falls and the Gorge and the Valley:—

It is as if the God of Waters there
Rested his hand and left it grandly fair.
Green waves slide rapidly along the stream,
Bubble and shudder in a fiery gleam,
Tremble like tempests as they pour and flow
Into the caverns in the depths below;
Down as they leap like giants to their tomb
Uttering roars as thunderous as doom,
Valley and mountain in their fear combine,
Stilled with the power of the great Divine.

We left for the Atherton Tableland a day later than we had expected to do, because of those wonderful Falls.

The train ran through the mining town of Mareeba, at the junction of the Atherton and Chillagoe lines, to Tolga, the first town on the Tableland. Like a haunt of some wood-god is the Tolga Scrub. Rich tropical scents permeate it, and all along the roads are wild gooseberries, raspberries, and young, sweet wild tomatoes in myriads. From Tolga through Yungaburra to Pearamon and Malanda (the great farm centres of the North) is but a few hours' run.

Nothing quite so wonderfully rich as Malanda and Pearamon could be imagined. Even to the most jaded tourist, the thick-flowered walks of Malanda, its giant hills, its numerous falls, and pleasant paddocks have charm.

For nowhere in Australia can finer sights of waving maize in tassel be seen than on this rich Atherton Tableland. As far as the eye can see, field after field of this crop is



JOHNSTONE FALLS, MALANDA, N.Q.

passed. In 1920, on the Tableland, 15,479 acres produced 667,497 bushels of maize, an average of 43.12 bushels per acre, and representing one-third of the total production of Queensland.

We were fortunate in being able to put in a day at Perseverance Farm, which we found a couple of miles through the wild scrub at Malanda. The road to the farm runs through dense scrub, heavily timbered and alive with colours, birds, orchids, and innumerable wild flowers. Over a creek, and an irrigation appliance known as a hydraulic ram, past a bubbling waterfall, we went up the hill to the farm. The Malanda Falls end, as the Barron Falls do, in a cool, smooth, and unruffled swimming-pool. After the rushing tumble of water, it is amazing to find people bathing in the basin below.

All manner of fruit and vegetables grow at Malanda. Outside our bedroom window at the farm were beds of rich violets, and we went down at 6 o'clock in the morning to inspect the milking and separating. All the old drudgery of farming has vanished from this farm at least; for machines milked the cows, a machine separated the milk, and machines or semi-machines fed the calves. It was an astonishing performance for 7 o'clock in the dewy morning, conducted by one delightful old man, who had been pioneering in Australia for more than forty years. Such milk had we to drink there, such cream, such fruits! and when we were tired of eating, there were the swimming-pools, and the valleys, and the fields aglow with blossoms calling us to Arcady. Malanda! What a haven for tired nerves, for weary city-folk, for run-down systems!

Peeramon, a few miles north-east of Malanda, is the country of wild fruits—lemons, oranges, gooseberries (which one may gather in bucketfuls from the road), and papaws.

Peeramon is surrounded by beauty spots. She is a nobler Kuranda, scented with pleasant airs; and in the fine sunshine her hills gleam like beryl, her scrubs like dewy emerald. We walked from Peeramon to the Yungaburra



LOG BRIDGE CROSSING, JOHNSTONE RIVER, NEAR MALANDA.

Lakes—Lake Barrine and Lake Eacham. It was a three-mile walk through the scrub. Tolga and Malanda Scrubs had delighted us; but the Peeramon Scrub, with its gigantic

lawyer vines, its wonderful old fig-trees (whose roots formed palaces and arched temples under which we walked), its multitude of trees, was different.



GIANT FIG TREES, ATHERTON TABLELAND, NORTH QUEENSLAND.

People who grumble about the monotony of the Australian gum trees are not only asserting their own ignorance, but depriving Australia of one of her greatest

beauties. She has many varieties of trees. On our way we passed almost every tree one could imagine. There were elms, ash trees, cedar, Chinese palms, chestnut trees, wild ginger plants, stinging trees, water gum, maple, acacias, oaks, figs, and many species of island palms, creepers, and ferns.

Indeed, nowhere in the North did we see that monotonous Australian scenery which we so often hear overspreads the place. Next time anyone speaks of Australia's monotony, just remind them that there is a place called North Queensland, where no town or village is monotonous.

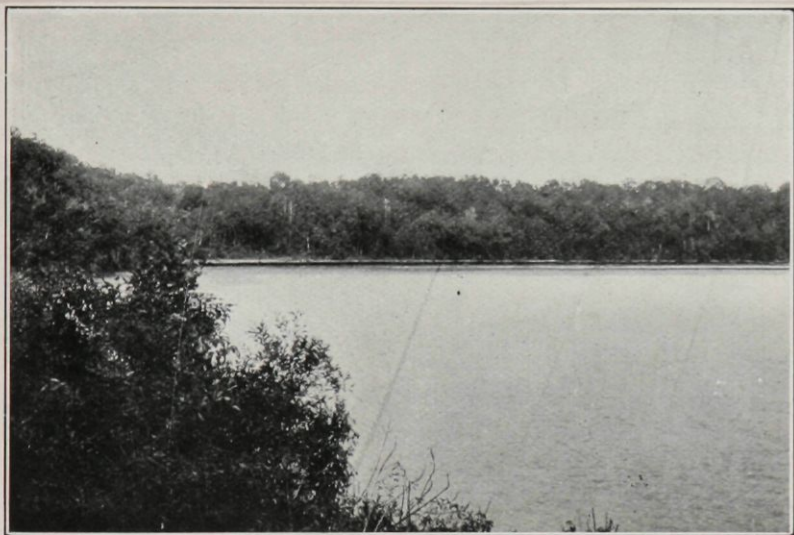
We went down a wide gap in the road, and crossed a paddock or two thick with Rhodes grass, couch, and paspalum. A hill of noxious ink-weed bloomed in the distance, but otherwise nothing marred the pure prosperity of the place.

A cat bird screamed at us as we went through the greater scrub, impenetrable in its dark undergrowth. Parrots on scarlet wings flashed by, and against the airy blue of the sky, which we could see but dimly, the far-stretching trees seemed to show shadows and trceries of ebony.

We came upon Lake Eacham at the close of the scrub—a magnificent pool of still green water, into which no river flows, out of which no stream comes. Lake Eacham is one of the marvels of the natural world. It is surrounded on all sides by dense scrubs; the forest on the opposite side gives back a faint echo; yet there is never a ripple on the calm face of the water, and no fish move there.

No one has yet fathomed the mystery surrounding Lake Eacham. No living thing has been seen in its waters, and the uncanny aborigines would not camp within miles of it. They believe a spirit haunts the Lake. They think

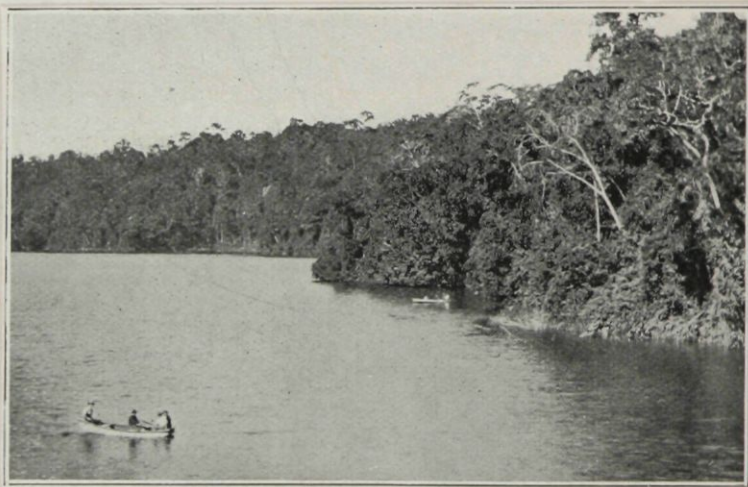
that the dead souls of their tribes are to be found at the bottom of it, and that the Lake runs away for ever into the bowels of the earth. The solution of the Lakes is probably that they are the craters of an old volcano which goes for miles upon miles into the earth. Rain falls in torrents, and the Yungaburra Lakes never overflow—in fact, nothing ever alters their regular level. Season in, season out, they



LAKE EACHAM, NORTH QUEENSLAND.

remain at the same level; and no age seems to have altered them. The Lakes are indeed subjects for the most interesting geological study in Australia. They have not been left quite unmentioned in books of natural science; but they have had none of the attention paid to them that should be paid. Lake Barrine—a much more beautiful lake than Eacham—is of the same formation. People have seen the outlying districts of the lakes flooded; but the two pools themselves remain exactly as they are to-day in the broad

sunshine. Now that Queensland has a University, we may expect scientific excursions to be made about the State. No better excursion in the name of science could be made than a trip to these Lakes. Darwin himself might have spent weeks in the vicinity of the Lakes, and told us more about the nature of our island continent than anyone else has done. For here, at the Yungaburra Lakes, lies the secret of our birth and being from the point of view of geology.



LAKE BARRINE, NORTH QUEENSLAND.

Their beauty, together with the rowing and picknicking facilities which they provide, are the least wonderful things about them. For—

Like some great king defying death
(The azure mist his panting breath),
They dream within the morning light—
Mysterious to mortal sight.

Time was when the stinging trees were so thick around the Lakes that the blacks regarded these trees as being placed

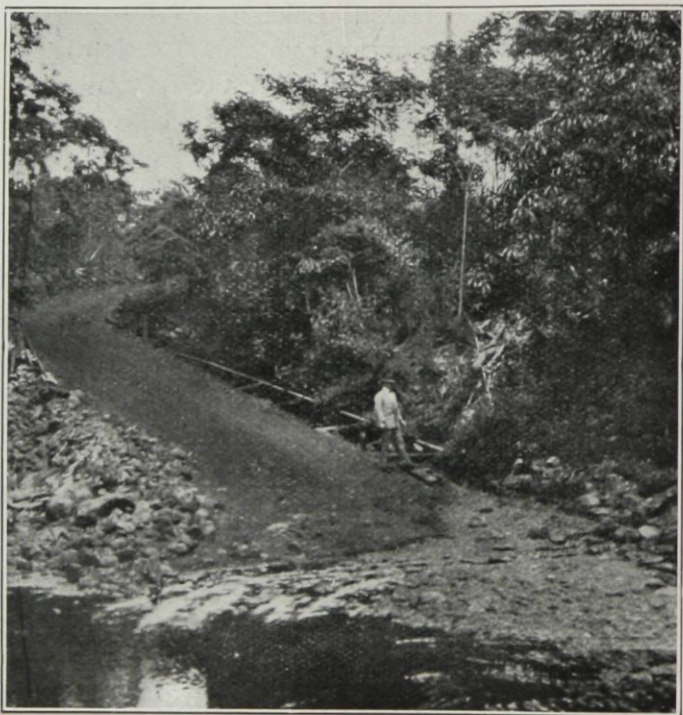
there by the spirits to keep all intruders from them. The giant nettle, with its magnificent heart-shaped leaves 2 and 3 feet wide, is still to be found in the scrubs; and growing beside it the poisonous lily whose root cures the sting.

From Peeramoon we returned to Yungaburra, spending a day or two at the famous Lake Eacham Hotel, and we went by other roads to the Lakes again. Coming back from Lake Eacham, we were taken to see the famous farm (not far from the Lakes), run and conducted by a wonderful French-Canadian farmer, who makes all his own machinery, all his carts and implements, and lives quite alone.

Farming certainly is becoming less and less what it used to be. For here we saw excellent little contrivances for milking, for washing cans, for feeding calves; and we were told the ingenious mind of this Frenchman never ceases to find new things for old.

Perhaps the nearest beauty spot to Yungaburra, omitting the charming walks round the place, is Peterson's Crossing. A pleasant walk from the Hotel takes you to the Crossing. Here are more fig-trees under which you can walk and imagine yourself in the centre of another world—walking through the pipes of a great bush organ, at the top of which birds in dozens are singing. The giant fig-tree of North Queensland, when it has reached any great age, is certainly a miracle of Nature. Throwing its great roots down to the earth, as years go on they gain in width and thickness until they appear like massive stone columns propping up the green hand of leaves on the top. There are several of these remarkable old-man trees at the Crossing; also, at the Crossing there is a natural spring of water jutting out of a rock, and the ingenious mind of man has constructed a hydraulic ram whereby the neighbouring country is irrigated.

Because of these frequent springs round Yungaburra, Peeramon, and Malanda, the land is never without water. All these things go to prove that the land about must, at one time, have been subjected to many volcanic eruptions.



PETERSON'S CROSSING, NEAR YUNGABURRA.

Many such irrigation plants are to be found around the neighbourhood of the Lakes. And it was these little things—the springs, the lakes, and the fig-trees—which made us realise more than ever the wonders of the North Land. How God preserves his loveliest! For, when all the skies run dry,

this part of North Queensland will be fed by streams from the mouth of the earth. The number of springs and waterfalls and everlasting streams of the North is remarkable.

Our next call was at Atherton. This town—the capital of the Tableland—lies beyond Tolga the beautiful. Nowhere did we see better vegetables than grown in the Barron Valley Hotel grounds at Atherton, while the butter and home-made jams on the table are second to none. Such butter! Its fame is beginning to travel round the world, for tourists will drop into the Hotel, taste the butter, and carry away an everlasting memory of it. The drives round Atherton are delightful! Over hills and through meadows the coaches take one, and before long one is back at the Lakes again, or in another region of tropical wonder.

Atherton is mostly famous for its delicious butter. No one who visits this town in the winter ever wants to leave it: The air is so fine and invigorating, and ever in the green fields are peace and rest.

We moved further up the line from Atherton to Herberton of the tin fields and tumbling hills. On the way up, recent showers of rain, swelling the rivers at the back, had caused waterfalls at every step. A couple of the falls seen on the line are generally fresh with water; but many dry up during the dry season. Not so the falls behind the snug little town itself.

We reached Herberton in time for afternoon tea, and took a walk up amongst the hills. Hills are everywhere,

and constantly one takes a road and comes upon a tiny tin mine. Farming is now taking the place of the mining industry.

We drove from Herberton out to the Millstream Falls. Very few tourists get as far as these Falls, which is a pity, for they are almost as fine as the Barron. The waters rush and foam and champ over the rocks, and are wider than any



MILLSTREAM FALLS, NEAR RAVENSHOE, N.Q.

other falls when in full flood. It is as if the giants poured their waters over the rocks and fairies bathed in the shallows below. There are hot springs here, too; but the Falls call with a greater insistence, and camping parties visit them frequently. There is a track over the hills to Cairns—a great ride if one feels inclined to take it. But one might visit North Queensland every winter and find new beauties there; also, after two or three visits, one would never leave it again.

The North calls with a voice of piercing sweetness and determination. It is like the call of the East—alluring, wonderful.

We went by train from Herberton to Ravenshoe—the great timber town, which is now connected by rail with the

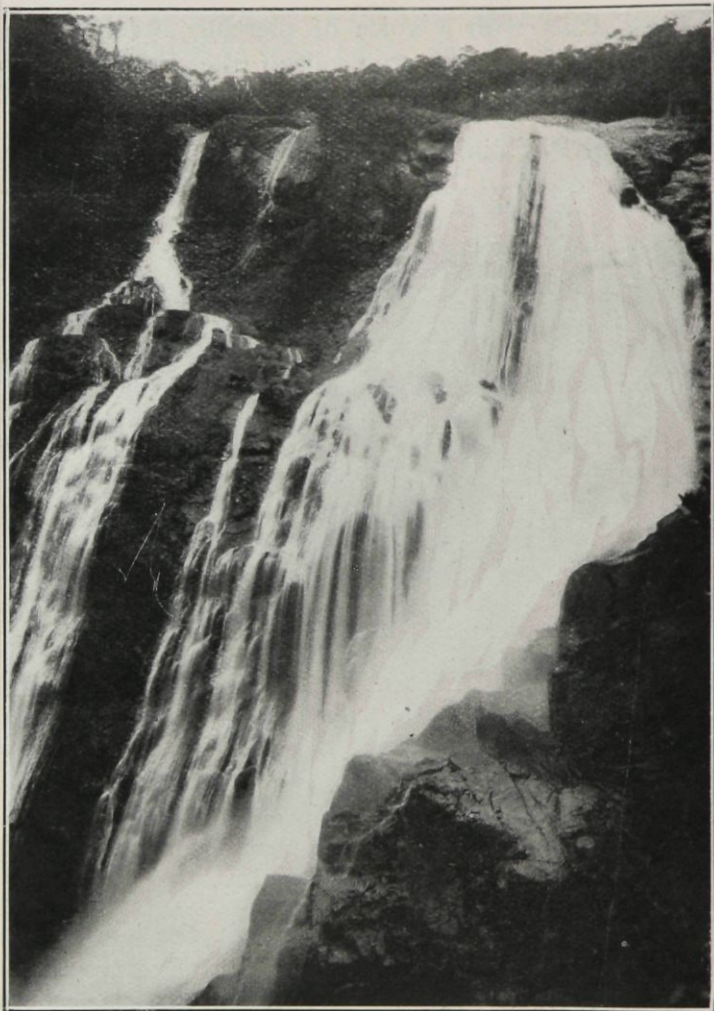


HAULING TIMBER, RAVENSHOE, N.Q.

other towns. We drove from the station over the red roads to the Tully Falls, with its enormous logs of timber, its fine creeks, and, above all, its scrubs.

The further we went into the North, the less able to appreciate it did we become, because each place seemed to have a charm of its own that surpassed the place from which we had just come.

The 16-mile drive from the station to the Falls—more majestic than the Barron—is exceptionally fine. Never had we seen so many little rivulets, such exquisite and dainty water lilies, such gigantic trees and great forests.



TULLY FALLS, NORTH QUEENSLAND.

Sometimes our vehicle raced smartly along the wide open road; sometimes it went slowly down the steep side of a precipice; and sometimes we clung perilously to the sides

of it as we moved along on the very edge of a great cliff. Nothing can impede the growth of the Evelyn Tableland. It has everything in its favour—climate, cultivation resources, timber, water, energetic people.

From Ravenshoe we went back to Mareeba, and took



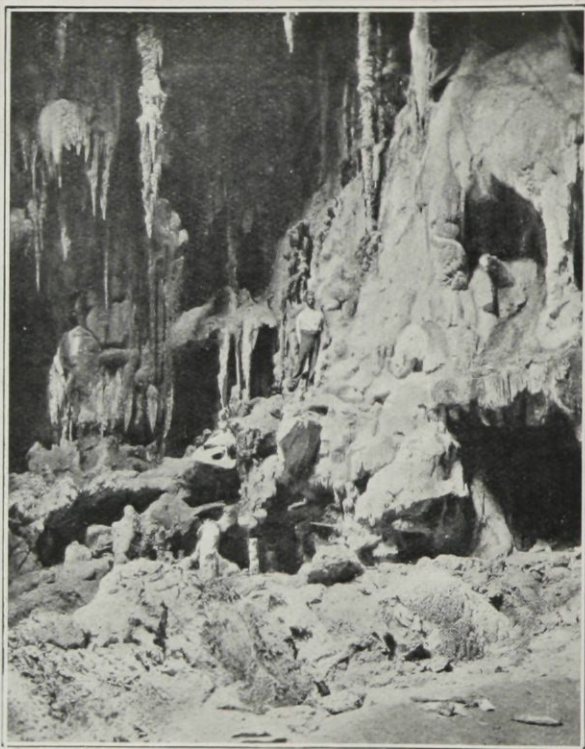
RAVENSHOE RAILWAY STATION
(TERMINUS, CAIRNS-HERBERTON LINE).

the mid-afternoon train for Chillagoe. On the way the train passes through the valuable wolfram district; and we saw, from the train window, a team of horses bringing some tons of the precious mineral in from Wolfram Camp.

It was still light when we reached Chillagoe. At first the town appears to be nothing more than saffron clay and rocks; but in the glad air of morning the town seems to be the remains of a wonderful old city where giants lived and hid in great caves. The Chillagoe Caves are no distance from the town, and anyone going as far as Cairns should take the trouble to go on as far as Chillagoe, if only for one glimpse of these dark, wonderful caverns.

There is some difficulty in getting through the best haunts of the limestone cave-marvels; but, as far as one can see, little has been done to make these exits and entrances easy; also, people do not know or dream of the mysterious charm about the place. The Jenolan Caves of New South Wales and the Caves outside Wellington are, more or less, amongst scenes of wild splendour and mountainous country. But, though in the mountains, the Chillagoe Caves seem to have been just blown up from the

earth like the fiery breath of Odin or the anger of some giant from Hades. They are indeed a fit haunt for Pluto and all his dark messengers.



CHILLAGOE CAVES (INTERIOR VIEW).

The hanging candles of limestone formation scratch us as we creep through some of the passages; but for the most part we are able to view the marvel well. Now the tunnel appears like the cavity of a lion's jaw, now like the nostril of a giant, as we move through from darkness to daylight. We come out feeling that we have been to Hela's dark region and brought away some of her mystery with us.

A second time we think of our University, and hope to hear of geological excursions to these caves as we hear of them in New South Wales. It is surprising to think of Queenslanders going all the way to Jenolan when Chillagoe is here and Barron Falls on the way to them. The accommodation at Chillagoe—where copper-mining is the chief industry—is good; and a tri-weekly train service is in full swing. All these places are within easy distance of Cairns and Kuranda, Chillagoe, The Lakes, and Millstream Falls. One wonders when Australians will appreciate their own country and spread the marvel of North Queensland throughout the world. Oh, how the marvel of those Chillagoe Caves lingers in the memory!

Here hath a magic genie been at work
With shining tools and instruments of light,
Tunnelling, caving, through the starless night—
These haunts where gnomes and green-eyed pigmies lurk.

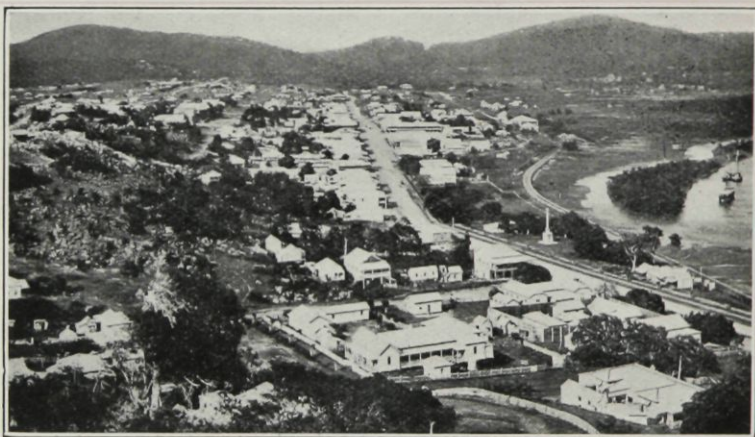
We left Chillagoe as the morning was tying on her golden sandals, and arrived back in Cairns the same day. The following morning, at 7 o'clock we were on our way to Cooktown. The North was beginning to hold us with her golden talons, and keep us longer than we intended at every place we touched.

On the way to Cooktown one gets a good view of the Barrier Reef—Nature's wall of safety for the shipping of Queensland. For miles we could see the green waves breaking in white foam over the pink and white coral terraces. On a very clear day, the hyaline waters allow one to see the wall of coral almost distinctly; but other days the seas are jealous, and one must be content with seeing things through a haze of colour.

We were unusually lucky, for the day was as clear as glass, and the islands and reefs stood out magnificently

before us. We arrived at Cooktown about 5 o'clock, or maybe a little earlier, for the trip is soon accomplished; and probably it turned out to be the most instructive and best we so far had.

Cooktown slept in the afternoon sunlight. A pearly fleet from Thursday Island lay idly in the bay—their milk-white sails flapping in the breeze. On the border of the bay



COOKTOWN, NORTH QUEENSLAND.

was the town, and towering over the town the mountains, capped by a lighthouse, and screened by the heavenly blue of the skies.

We took a cab up to the town; and for dinner that evening tasted the delicious luxury—*bêche-de-mer* soup. It is becoming a luxury even in Cooktown now, for the industry is not extensively engaged in.

We saw all we could see of the town. The steamer went back at noon next day; so we had ample time. There are many beautiful spots around the historical little town of Cooktown.

We motored to Fairy Beach, to the pretty little Gardens, and out to the Annan Bridge which had been built at a cost of £30,000. We picknicked on the green near the bridge, and drove back to Cooktown in the afternoon to look at the historical sights.

Of course everyone knows Cooktown is one of the most picturesque historical towns in Queensland. It was here Captain Cook came and mended the brave little "Endeavour," calling the river on which Cooktown stands after his ship. The tree is still to be seen where he tied his boat, and inhabitants point out the strip of beach on which he mended the boat that had so much to do with Australian navigation. A monument has been erected to his memory in the street; and beside it is the fountain dedicated to the heroine of Lizard Island—Mrs. Watson—whose name swept all round Australia on account of her trouble with the blacks and her bravery in trying to save her child. She lived for five days without water in an open tank and perished of thirst on No. 5 Howick Island, which is off Cape Bowen, over 70 miles north of Cooktown. There is a great air of romance about little Cooktown. One stands on the beach remembering all this, and seeing again in fancy—

Cook stand erect upon the shelving sand,
Thanking his God for making such a land.

We bought some beautiful Chinese silk at a ridiculously cheap figure from one of the Chinese shops, and saw some dimple-cheeked Chinese babies playing in silk frocks at the door. We sailed away from Cooktown on our return South as the sun was setting and—

About the monument of Cook there breathed
A peace ineffable as of the calm
Of heavenly airs when Night her garland wreathed
On singing sands and sighing emerald palm;
And every star that twinkled in the sky
Murmured, "Remember Cook!" and hurried by.

It was not yet dawn when we reached Port Douglas.

But the hotel proprietor met us, and took us to a warm, cosy bed. The mid-morning found us in the Port Douglas surf. Such surf! Rushing up the seven-mile beach, now jewelled like the sunset, now opal, now radiant as a rainbow.

A great blue calm, the Pacific stretched away into the distance; and over the creek which crosses the beach, and behind the hills, orchards of mandarins, oranges, and lemons ripened in the sun.



COCOANUT PALMS, PORT DOUGLAS, N.Q.

Port Douglas is getting on to her feet once more after the recent disastrous cyclones. How the winds blow! How the cocoanut trees shake their long thin arms and shiver on their slender stems. Here are rocks rising to the sun! Here are piles of fine sand! All about tumbles the wild sea lavender, fragrant as early musk; and for bathing, surfing, and swimming, Port Douglas is a paradise.

A few hours' run from the Port in a queer little train brings one to Mossman—a lovely little gem of land cuddled down amongst hills and sugar farms, valleys, and mango parks. Oh, the wild North! The rich sweet beauty of it all, when one recalls the shining acres of Mossman cane, the groves of mangoes, the trees, the lemons, the crotons—red-yellow-brown and crimson—and the butterflies flitting and skimming through the fine blue air!



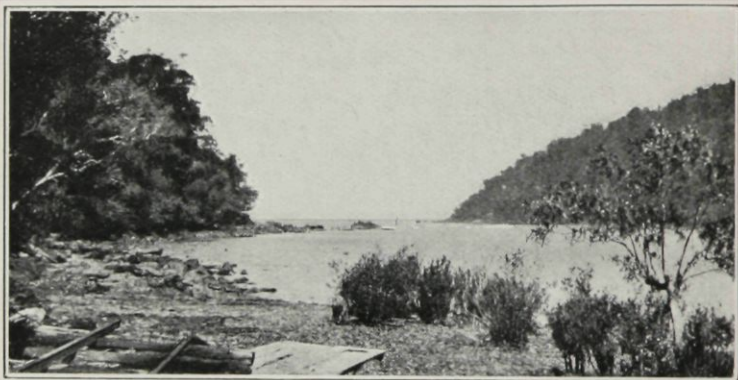
CANE FARM AT MOSSMAN, N.Q.

Anyone who has a sugar farm at Mossman has a corner of Eden to call his own. Never were happier, more contented people than those to be found at Mossman, where the brown New Guinea cane and the purple Badila grow side by side.

But then all the people of the North live in Paradise. Bananas ripen on the hills of Mossman. Fruit grows everywhere. We spent an afternoon at Mango Park, which is a large sugar plantation a couple of miles out of town. Oh,

the clear fine air ! the groves of ripe oranges ; and in summer, we were told, the place is one mass of luscious yellow, green, and hectic tinted mangoes.

We caught the boat for Cairns *en route* for Innisfail two days later ; and it was afternoon when our boat anchored in Mourilyan Harbour, from which port we were to go on to Innisfail.



MOURILYAN HARBOUR HEADS, N.Q.

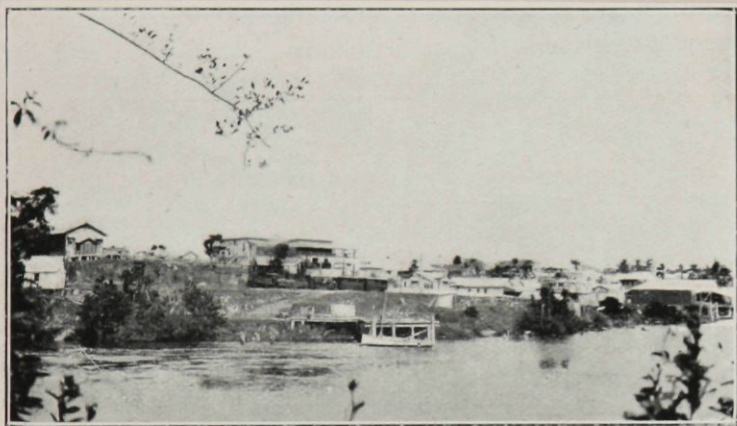
Mourilyan is a miniature Port Jackson—a lovelier Port Jackson ; for no red-tiled houses are here, no stern smoky buildings, no fussy ferry boats. The harbour at sunset is a pool of jewels. Every gem and every colour float about in the water. Sharks came with silver and pink breasts to feed at the boat's side ; and the sun sinks in a bower of gold and blue behind the green-clad hills.

A train took us up through the Mourilyan scrub lands, through which we could hear the everlasting cascades falling, over the broad Johnstone River, to Innisfail.

Night was falling, and the stars were casting their silvery light on the scene. At one of the sugar farms

the cane was being burned away; and the roaring flames, that lit the sky with tongues of scarlet, reminded us of burning cities.

The little train runs through the main street of Innisfail—the town on one side, and the wide river on the other.



INNISFAIL, NORTH QUEENSLAND.

It was morning before we could see any of the town; and judge of our surprise when, walking on to the hotel balcony in the morning, we found the river shining her jewelled breast at our feet, mountains and hills behind her, and she herself alive with boats.

Bananas and sugar-cane grow in abundance at Innisfail, which, like every other Northern town, is full of beauty spots.

There was a time when the Johnstone River was infested with crocodiles. You still see them occasionally, and quite recently a monster was shot not far from the city; but they grow scarcer every year.

We drove through the forest, and over the lily-laden waterways, to Goondi and South Johnstone Mills. Lucerne and maize were growing as well as sugar-cane; and the fruit gardens were legion. We drank tea at the mill manager's beautiful home at Goondi. Such a home! Groves of palms seem to whisper of beaded, brown, island girls and little



NORTH BRANCH, JOHNSTONE RIVER, N.Q.

light canoes. The river winds by like a misty dream in the moonlight; and the fingers of the tropic Queen touching the lids of the grasses fill one with a sense of greatness and mightiness and infinite wonder.

We took a boat the following day, and went down the Johnstone River to the beach, for nowhere in the North can one escape the sea.

Crowds of boats swarm the Johnstone River. There seem to be more launches at Innisfail than even Townsville. The trip to the beach and the lighthouse is fresh and cool,

with the sea and the mountains about one. We passed the little island where a few Chinese are still carrying on a copra trade, and arrived at the lighthouse in time to have our lunch on the beach. Before us the broad Pacific rolled away into the distance, in great waves—

Where never mortal foot has lightly trod,
They shout the marvel of Almighty God!

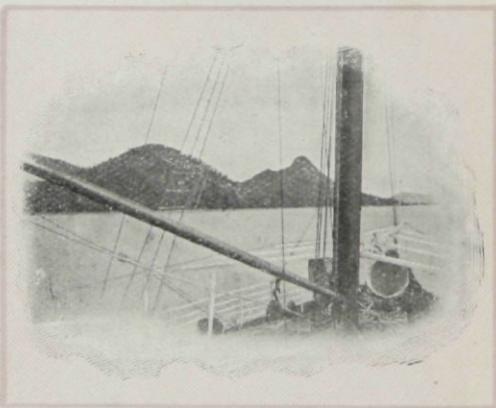


FISHER FALLS, INNISFAIL, N.Q.

Outside Innisfail we found more falls, more things at which to marvel, and it was not willingly we left the place. But time fled beneath our feet, and we were obliged to catch the steamer for Lucinda Point and Ingham.

It was during this trip that we obtained a second glimpse of the Hinchinbrook Channel. What a view this time was afforded us in the early morning!

There lay the waters all about us, running like cool tongues of sapphire in amongst the islands. From the mountains of the islands beside us, cascades tumbled down, in the haze of dawn, in charming confusion. Near the purple summits of many of the hills silver lakes were to be seen. And now we thought the boat was taking us sheer into the heart of those sunrise mountains—now drifting us away from them for ever. The cascades bubbled sheer to the water's edge; and as they leapt down the mountain side—



A GLIMPSE OF HINCHINBROOK.

Fauns and nymphs seemed bathing there;
In the cascades, fine and fair,
Satyrs stern in fancy leapt
O'er the groves where Beauty slept.

Shortly after breakfast we reached Lucinda Point. Bare and barren seems Lucinda Point after the glory of the North.

"There is nothing behind those few palm trees," one feels inclined to say. But a tram comes down and bears us away to Halifax, Victoria, and Ingham; and all of them are little Edens.

Wild guavas, cherries, passion-fruit, and custard-apples grow all about Halifax, where we first stopped. We took a motor-car to the river's edge, and walked across the tramway



C.S.R. COMPANY'S TRAM, HALIFAX, N.Q.

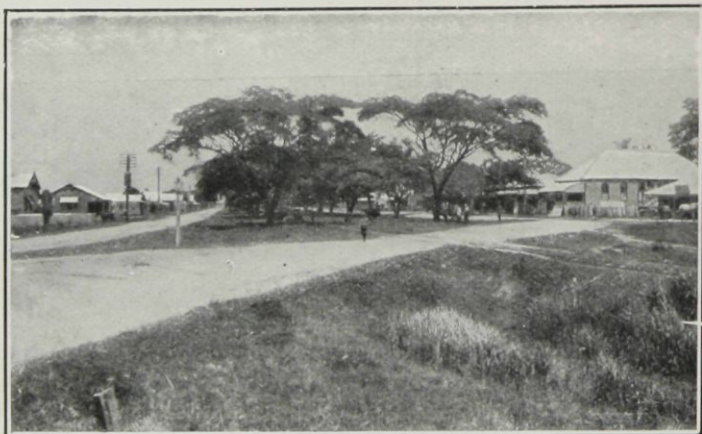
bridge to Macknade. A rowing boat took us up to the village. The hills were aflame with Indian cotton trees in full bloom. Purple and red bougainvillea blossomed everywhere, and water lillies dreamed on the blue creeks.

Ingham, which we reached later, is the capital city of the Herbert River district—a district which, like Mossman and Innisfail, must make its influence felt in the near future.

How like temples of fluffy pink and creamy white the arrowy cane sways in the wind! The gardens are ablaze with

flowers, while the giant creepers of the delicious granadilla and papaws grow in profusion. Lemon trees gild the whole countryside with their yellowy fruit.

We drove from Ingham and its water-lily pools to the biggest sugar plantation in the neighbourhood. It stood amongst palm trees in the starry night.



MAIN STREET, INGHAM, N.Q.

There were music and merriment after dinner, and the plantation hands came and listened. More and more did the scene remind us of other lands, and make us forget we were in sunny Australia. We crossed a creek on the way home, with an aboriginal rowing us over. The moon was our guide through the forest, and it was daylight when we arrived back at Ingham.

Around Ingham are some beautiful drives. We seemed to be driving to a lovelier place every hour. Italians are plentiful about the district, and the air is often made gay by their Italian songs of love and joy. Indeed, the Italian

National Anthem is just as familiar on the Herbert River as "God Save the King!"

Macknade is on the river. Beautiful Macknade!

You row up stream, stop at a natural landing-place, and climb up the flame-coloured hills to the houses. The mill manager's home at Macknade has large, airy rooms, wide open spaces, and is surrounded by great gardens lined with avenues of palms, ferns, and shrubs. The whole place seems more like the home of an eastern prince than anything else—

Macknade murmurs by the river
In the dewy golden dawn;
And the breezes turn and quiver,
Like a young awakened fawn.

The Herbert River, higher up from Ingham, still breeds crocodiles; but we were not lucky enough to see one. We were not very angry about missing the crocodile, for we had seen something infinitely more splendid—the sun rising over the hills of Macknade. It was nearly as beautiful as the sun setting behind Mount Larcom, which we had seen from Auckland Hill, at Gladstone, a year before.

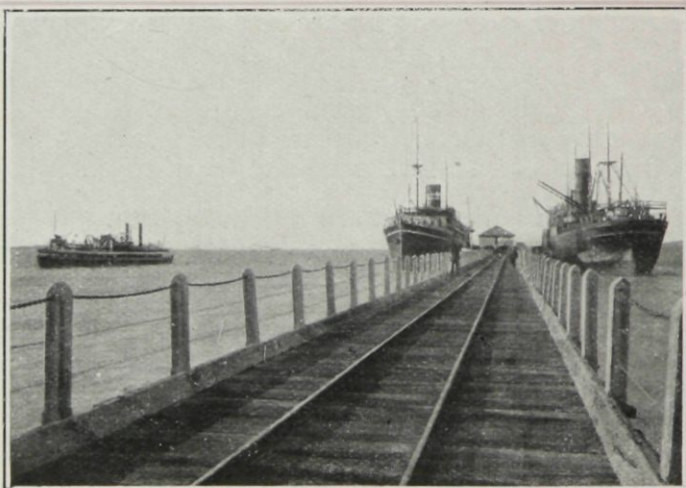
We went back to Townsville full of the love of the Herbert River. Soon the railway from Cairns to Brisbane will pass through Ingham, and people will know more of this lovely place. Full and plenty are everywhere in the Northland, and it will be understood better when quicker communication is made with Brisbane.

It was the morning of a blue day when we sailed away from Townsville to Bowen.

By the time we reached Bowen Harbour we had ceased to wonder at anything beautiful we saw in the North. After Hinchinbrook and Innisfail, Bowen Harbour seemed to flash on our sight like a great sapphire.

"This is the loveliest thing we have ever seen," said one of our party. But we had been saying the same ever since we left Brisbane.

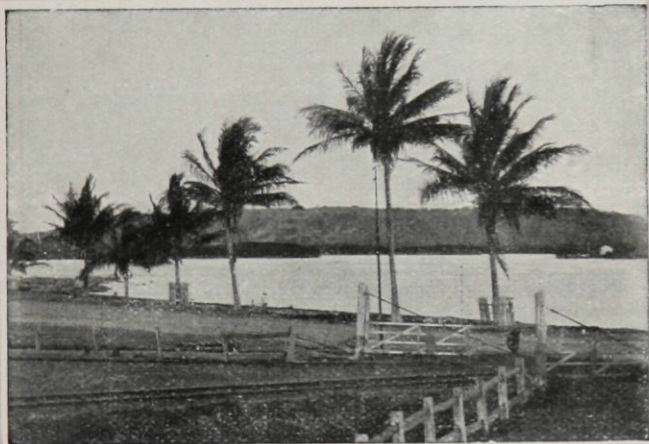
Bowen Harbour is magnificent. No one could dream of such blue water unless he had seen the Mediterranean at sunset. We had never dreamed Australia knew what blue water was until we saw Bowen Harbour; for there the water



BOWEN HARBOUR AND JETTY, N.Q.

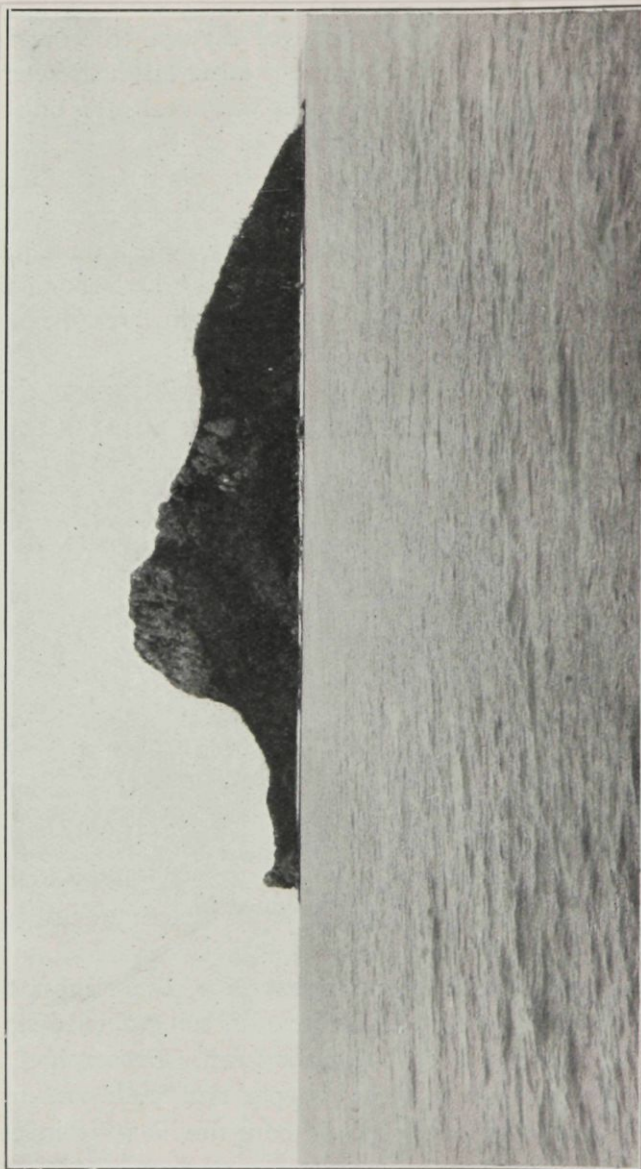
is always blue. Even storms do not seem to change the divine blueness of it. There was a ship loading fruit at the jetty as we drew in; and we remembered that many, many years ago Bowen was recognised as the coming port of Queensland. She will be a much greater port than she is, at no great distance ahead. But, for us, was only her loveliness at the moment; and we drove away from the ship with the wind in our faces and that blue, blue sea seeming to follow us.

From the villa on the hills at which we were staying, we could see the wide panorama of the sea—the ever blue sea. But it seemed that from every other hill in Bowen one could see the sea. When the people want real surf, however, they are obliged to take a drive out of the town along a lantana-hedged road to the open sea. In the woods adjoining the seashore are to be found species of geebung and the wonderful scarlet black-eyed lucky beans which most people imagine only grow in South Africa. We had found them in Cooktown, and here they were in their brown pods in hundreds at Bowen.



VIEW ON THE BEACH, BOWEN.

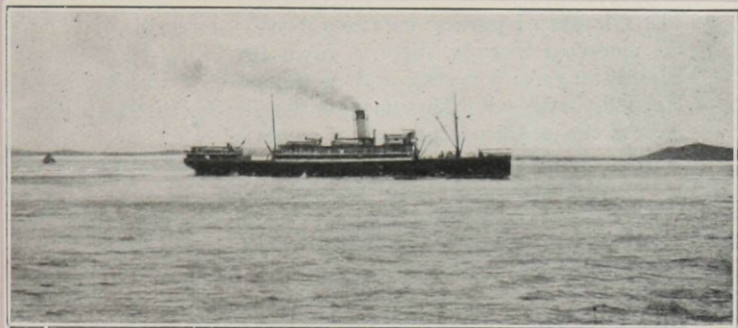
We went for a day to Proserpine, the richest town outside Bowen. We were fortunate in being able to stay at a large banana plantation near the town. Proserpine, with its great flowers—magnolia, purple and pink and white bauhinia, and many varieties of bougainvillea—is indeed a lovely spot.



LION OR PENTECOST ISLAND, WHITSUNDAY PASSAGE, N.Q.

Proserpine should be termed "Prosperity." But doubtless the spring air, which always seems to overhang the place, has given it the name of the "Spring Maiden."

The pungent smell of tropical Spring is ever about Proserpine; and it was with regret we left it—left Bowen and the North—and took the steamer back to Brisbane.



S.S. "COOMA" LEAVING FLAT TOP (MACKAY), N.Q.

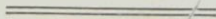
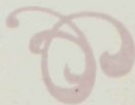
But we did not return alone; for back with us came the fragrance of the Wonderland, the pungent smell of tropical scrubs, the visionary glimpse of falls and hills and streams, the sight of wild flowers, corn fields, cane fields, patches of lucerne and artificial grasses, coffee plantations, palms, and song and birds and butterflies.

With us returned rainbows of colour—anthems of sea and stream and cascades; and with us the memory of all these things will linger for ever.

From place to place we had moved with the necessary rapidity of tourists. But the charm, the wealth, the wonder, and fire of the North had grown upon us until when we arrived in Brisbane we felt the warm arm of Cairns about us still, the cool fingers of the Port Douglas sea touching our

lips ; and we knew that it would not be long before the North called us back again. She calls everyone back. For she is a siren whose like Australia has never known before. Go, see her and judge for yourself !

O Wonderland of song and scrub and stream !
That floats before me now as some sweet dream,
Rich with great perfumes and the soul of song ;
For ever in my sight shall linger long
The glimpse of purling cascades, brooks, and rills,
Of vine-clad Dryads skipping down the hills—
Wood-things and wealth and monuments of stone,
Heaped, hewn, and by some god-hand idly thrown
Across the golden splendour of your fields,
Your emerald earth that every wonder yields.
From Brisbane to the pool of peace that lies
Where Cairns in comfort dreams 'neath sapphire skies,
No realm, no country, can compare with you
For breadth of bounty or for wealth of blue—
Blue magic seas of turquoise running song,
Blue hills where silent satyrs dance and throng,
Blue rounded skies and azure gift of flowers,
That scent the sapphire sting of falling showers !
O Wonderland ! Fair shall your future be
When 'neath your green and glowing witchery
A people's heart will throb with breathing fire
And find in you perfection of desire.



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